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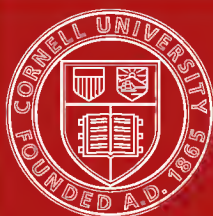
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Lochy Ostrom, the maiden miser of Poughk



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LOCHY OSTROM

THE MAIDEN

KEEPSIE;

LOVE OF

LIFETIME.

GENUINE BIOGRAPHY
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SS.
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es, Silverware, rich silks

THE

Correct Profile Likeness of Lochy Ostrom at the age of twenty-three, ingeniously
taken by herself by means of four looking glasses.

THE MAIDEN MISER OF POUGHKEEPSIE;

OR,

The Love of a Long Lifetime.

C. W. ALEXANDER, Publisher,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



A SPLENDID NEW BOOK WILL BE OUT NEXT WEEK. AGENTS WANTED.

LOCHY OSTROM, THE MAIDEN MISER OF POUGHKEEPSIE;

OR,

THE LOVE OF A LONG LIFETIME.

AN AUTHENTIC BIOGRAPHY OF RACHEL OSTROM WHO RECENTLY
DIED IN POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., AGED NINETY YEARS, APPAR-
ENTLY VERY POOR, BUT REALLY WEALTHY.

The following pages contain a most deeply interesting narrative of Lochy's courtship with Hon. J. W. Gazely, the great Ohio lawyer, who defeated General Harrison for Congress.

Her estrangement because of her mother—The love-letters that passed between Lochy and her lover for nearly fifty years—

Her Subsequent Eccentric and Hermit-like Life until her Death.

ALSO,

A full and correct account of all the valuables that were found by the court appraisers in her room after her death, consisting of Bonds, Mortgages, Silverware, rich silks and dresses, and

THE WEDDING CAKE,

Made by Lochy for her Intended Wedding over Sixty-five years ago!

ALSO,

The full proceedings in the Surrogate's Court of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., by the various Heirs and Claimants of the property left by Lochy, as heard

BY JUDGE MILTON A. FOWLER.

PUBLISHED BY

C. W. ALEXANDER,

No. 224 South Third Street, Philadelphia, Penn'a.

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LOCHY OSTROM: THE MAIDEN MISER OF POUGHKEEPSIE N. Y.

The history which we are about to record in the following pages is without a single parallel, at least in our recollection. And we doubt whether among the many thousands of interested readers, who peruse it, there are any who ever heard of such a case. Though beyond doubt it is every whit true, the facts being thoroughly substantiated in a High court of law, and under oath, we are certain that the wildest fiction which was ever invented, does not equal it for romance, and the strange blendings of such incongruous characteristics of human temperament.

LOCHY'S BIRTH.

THE ENTRY IN THE FAMILY BIBLE AND RECORD OF CHURCH IN POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

"Rachel, daughter of Jacobus Ostrom and Mary Lewis, born April 29th 1781, baptized September 30th 1781 Sponsors, Thomas Lewis and Rachel Lewis."

So reads the record from which we ascertained the exact age of Rachel or Lochy Ostrom the singular and miserly woman who has been appropriately surnamed "The Maiden Miser of Poughkeepsie." Her death occurred in the early part of 1870, thus making her just on the verge of ninety years old.

Her parents were in good circumstances and she, with the rest of the children, received what in those days was an excellent education. Not only was Rachel a beautiful girl, but she was also gifted with great abilities. At fancy needlework and embroidery she was exceedingly

good and also at drawing and painting. The good sense and judgment of her mother did not permit her daughter's finer accomplishments to interfere with those of a homlier and useful character. Consequently Lochy could spin flax finer and better and quicker than any girl in the village. The same could be said of her butter, cheese and bread.

Mrs. Ramsey of Poughkeepsie speaking of Lochy with whom she was acquainted since the two were young girls said :

"Of all our acquaintances there was none whom we loved so much as Lochy. She was like a sunbeam, always full of life and warmth, and as merry as a cricket. There was not one of us girls, who, if she had any troubles did not run to Lochy to tell her and confide in her. And as for the beaux, why Sir, there was not a young fellow for twenty five miles round, who was not cracked after Lochy Ostrom. And yet none of us ever got jealous of her. She was always strange about the men folks. At corn husking, and harvest homes, may days, and all the festivals of those times Lochy was the life of every one of them. Romping and singing and dancing with the young fellows she set them almost beside themselves with delight and yet she would allow none of them to pay any serious attentions to her, no matter how handsome they were, nor how rich.

"She was a good girl, and had a heart like an angel. I just remember a circumstance that occurred when she was about twenty years old which will show you what she was. A man and his daughter came along the road one day, and apparently they had been travelling a long ways for they were very dusty and tired looking. They said they were trying to make their way to Montreal in Canada, and that they had walked all the way from New York. Such a journey in those days was something fearful, Sir, something like if a person of today were to say he was going to walk a foot round the world.

"Just at this very time somebody brought a report that a woman had been murdered by her husband down in New York, and that the murderer it was supposed had fled from the city. The two had one child, a daughter, and as she had disappeared also; it was supposed that the murderer had forced her to go along with him. The description agreed with that of the man, but not of the girl. This was near enough, however, to induce all the people to believe that the murderer was none other than the suspected man. The suspicion was confirmed by the discovery of blood upon his trousers, by a sharp eyed lout, a fellow who was continually lounging round the taverns, and poking his nose into everybody's business but his own.

"Consequently the man was arrested and narrowly escaped being executed by the rougher classes. Lochy Ostrom was the only one who believed him innocent and she did not hesitate to assert her belief in

spite of all to the contrary. To her the daughter clung like a poor, friendless creature that she was. At first Lochy's father was very angry that a child of his should be so foolish as to act as she did. But her arguments at length overcame him and he presently thought as she thought, and with her became the friend of the unfortunate man. After obtaining her father's consent and assistance, Lochy at once went promptly to work to effect the prisoner's liberation, and with such a hearty good will that within three weeks he was honorably discharged.

"His good friend was not satisfied with this alone, and she did not rest until she had gone round among all her friends and raised him a good purse of money."

After leaving Mrs. Ramsey with a promise that we would pay her another visit to listen to such a history of her old friend as only such an aged woman could give, we went to the house lately occupied by Lochy Ostrom. It is situated on Montgomery street in Poughkeepsie, New York. The Maiden Miser during her lifetime occupied in this building a bed-room, a living-room or kitchen, and two large pantries, all on the second floor, or story. Besides these she had three small rooms in the attic.

We entered the main room with strangely mingled feelings of awe and curiosity. The first feeling we experienced on looking around the silent and dimly lighted apartment was one of disappointment. Having heard so much of Lochy's meanness and niggardly habits, we expected to see a squalid repulsive chamber. So far from this it was "as neat as wax," to use a common expression. Everything was scrupulously clean and orderly, and gave evidence of intense economy rather than of penurious neglect. The furniture belonged to the fashion of a century ago, and in those days it was, no doubt, stylish and handsome. Now it is lumbering and ugly, though it will yet outlast half a dozen of the light flimsy sets of furniture they make now a days.

The bureau was above all the most singular, oddity of all. It was built of solid, heavy mahogany planks rather than boards. Lochy must have spent much labor and beeswax on this old bureau, for being as black as ebony from its great age, it shone like a mirror, whilst its almost numberless handles and knobs and ornaments, all of fine brass and highly polished, looked like gold.

Every drawer of this bureau was packed full of female underclothing made up entirely of patches, so that it was doubtful if there was a garment that had a particle in it of the original linen of which it had been made.

The windows, three in number, were curtained with common chinz or callico of sixty years ago. The colors and figures of these curtains had in their time been gorgeous. Lochy had pinned on the fronts of them

sheets of newspapers so as to prevent the rays of the sun from fading them out.

Round the walls were hung some cheap pictures in tints all of which we noticed were on religious and charitable subjects; or subjects showing constancy in love and friendship. One was a sailor bidding adieu to a young girl, another Eloise and Abelarde, a third two doves, a fourth our Saviour with Martha and Mary, a fifth the babes in the wood and the sixth the good Samaritan.

Upon the mantel shelf there were several old fashioned ornaments, one of alabaster, two of china and two of a black and brown pottery were now no longer made.

In this room were two closets or pantries, and on opening the doors of these we found them completely filled with a general assortment of very antiquated crockery, cooking utensils, bedding, old umbrellas, and in fact a collection of almost everything that could be mentioned. Had Mrs. Toodles herself made the collection it could not have been more extensive and varied in its nature.

The carpet on the floor was another relic of by-gone days. It was well preserved except just before the old rocking chair in which the Maiden Miser used to sit and sew. Here it had been worn quite thin many years since. To save it, Lochy had a long time ago made a foot mat of listing and bits of cloth patches. We say a long time ago, because the mat itself, when we examined it, had evidently been nearly worn through in the middle, where its owner's feet were always placed.

Having thoroughly examined this apartment we next passed into the bedroom. It was silent as a tomb and dim also until the window curtains were pulled aside. The furniture was just as old fashioned as that we had seen in the sitting room, but it was more scanty. In one corner there stood the bedstead which according to modern valuation would be high priced at three dollars. It had a valance and trimmings of old fashioned stuff, which in many places showed the neatness and dexterity of Lochy's needle. The little pillow of fine old fashioned down, such as some of us have heard our grand-mothers boast of, and covered with patches of various colors lay directly in the middle of the top of the bed.

We can hardly describe the feelings we experienced as we noticed the position of this pillow. We never remember having seen a bed made with a single pillow in this way. We have seen single pillows to be sure but they were invariably placed on the right or left side, suggesting the idea of companionship; of husband, or mother, sister, brother or perhaps of a beloved child. We pressed our hands down the middle of the bed and found just as we thought, that it had been worn down into a hollow. And the pictures of other years came trooping before us.

On that patched, solitary pillow more than half a century ago; then it

was new perhaps, a present from her mother, Lochy Ostrom had lain her head and dreamed of happy days to come; when having given her whole noble heart to the only man she ever loved she saw before her a long life of bliss.

On that same pillow she had lain many and many a night and wet it with bitter tears after the bright skies of her existence had become clouded.

On that same pillow, when she had become an old woman, and lost all hope of him she adored; when her heart had grown cold and steel-like, and her frame shrivelled and angular; her once beautiful hair scanty and white, her blooming cheek wrinkled and brown, and her eyes dim and weak, she had laid her head to cogitate with the precision of a mathematician the sterner realities of life.

On that same pillow after nearly ninety years' pilgrimage through this earthly life old Rachel laid her head to die. And all alone! Poor old woman, like a winter icicle in the midst of summer; like a seared and yellow leaf falling from a tree in full bloom.

Beneath that bed in the odd-looking old hair-covered trunk were nearly *twenty two thousand dollars!* Yet Lochy died alone, with no hand to give her parching lips a drop of cold water, or close her eyelids, and no voice to minister in her dulling ears words of Heavenly consolation. Alone in the world, alone while passing through the dark valley of the shadow of Death. Or perhaps the spirit of the loved one met Lochy on the verge of the great chasm and led her into eternity never again to part.

"How did she look when she was found?" we asked of the lady who showed us through the rooms.

"Quite calm and peaceable, Sir," was the reply. "She seemed as though she had been trying to pray, for her eyes were directed straight up, and her hands were clasped, or rather pressed flat together above her breast. It was a little hard for us to get them down at her side when we went to make her ready for the grave."

"Ah," we remarked, "if the heirs and friends who are now fighting so fiercely over what she has left, had only known her wealth how they would have crowded, weeping round her death bed."

"Yes, Sir, you speak truly there."

We now ascended the stairs to the next floor to examine the three attic rooms which Lochy had used for stowing away articles of dress which she had accumulated during her long lifetime. For the last ten or twelve years she had not bought a single dress, yet there were in the first attic twenty five or thirty fine frocks some of them elegant and costly silks dating seventy years back. And such silks; even the best of what are now manufactured would not compare with the fabrics Lochy had hoarded away.

The contents of all three of these little rooms were strangely incongruous, there being a little of everything from old, worn out slippers to silks and satins and velvets; and from a tinder box to a beautiful Sevres vase, all preserved with equal care. On all sides, stowed away on shelves were pots and cans and jars of preserves, and pickles, and canned fruits, none of which seemed to have ever been opened.

Far back in a corner was a sheet zinc case, such as ~~apool~~ cotton is imported in, and, on opening the lid, there came to view a strange and touching collection. In the middle sat a poundcake most beautifully iced with various shapes. On the top in the centre was a well executed figure of a cupid. The cake was very much shrivelled and as hard and tough as a block of wood. Here and there the icing was broken off round the edges by the shrinking of the cake, and in a few places it had become as brown as the cake itself. Otherwise it was altogether as perfect as the first day it was made. This cake must have been baked by Lochy herself, because when she was a young woman it was the fashion among all classes, rich and poor, for the expected bride to bake and adorn the wedding cake, and also to bake all the bread used at the marriage feast.

Beside the cake were two white silk gloves, each for the right hand. One was evidently a gentleman's and the other a lady's glove; but apparently neither had ever been worn. On the other side of the cake was a little blank book made of leaves of white paper stitched together with red silk, and between whose pages, now discolored with age, were pressed some sprigs of forget-me-nots, a white lily, and several moss rose buds. A small book of poems was also in the box on which was the monogram R. O. worked in colored beads.

So long had the book remained shut that each bead had pressed its shape fully into the page above it, so that the monogram was just as plainly indented into the paper as though it had been regularly stamped there.

Like the solitary pillow, the contents of this zinc case awakened a saddening train of reflections in our mind. In Charles Dickens novel of *Great Expectations* there is a character, Miss Haversham, who preserved her intended wedding cake till she died. That was fiction, but here before us was fact. And perhaps the shrivelled loaf of iced cake we looked upon was as old, or even older than Dickens himself; who could tell?

We do not think it had ever been opened since it was first stowed away thus by the disappointed maiden for the dust on the top of the case and around it must have been half an inch in thickness.

Of all the rooms which old Lochy Ostrom occupied the most valuable, or, to speak more correctly, the most important one was her bed chamber.



Correct likeness of James W. Gazely Esq., the once celebrated lawyer of Cincinnati, and the intended husband of Lochy Ostrom, the Maiden Miser of Poughkeepsie.

After she died and Mr. Walter D. Wheeler had been constituted administrator, there were also appointed two appraisers, both true and good men, Daniel W. Guernsey, Esq., and O. D. M. Baker, Esq. They entered at once upon their duty, and proceeded to the apartments lately occupied by the Maiden Miser. They found things such as we have described. And something beside.

"I wonder what Lochy has under her bed," said one, glancing into the gloom beneath the unpretentious couch.

"There's a little, dirty looking trunk pushed up in the corner on the floor."

"Let us see what is in it. Bring it out; it looks like Lochy herself, a relic of the past."

The trunk was drawn from its concealment. It was covered with dust and cobwebs, which being cleared away, it proved to be a hair box or toy trunk. Its measurement was taken by way of curiosity and was as follows—length eighteen inches, height six inches, width ten inches. This done the rusty lock was opened, the lid raised, and the contents exposed to view.

First was a great number of receipts, bills, and miscellaneous papers, which were quickly taken out and laid on one side. Next came two very old and well worn wallets, one of which was empty and the other of which contained a silver fifty cent piece.

"Hallo! why, what's this?" exclaimed one of the gentlemen.

As he spoke he drew out a bond and mortgage for three hundred dollars.

"About the same as this, I should say!" said the second as he took out a pile of greenbacks amounting in all three hundred and fifty dollars.

"Ah! but here's gold! what do you say to that!" exclaimed number one, chinking a handful of gold coins of \$20, \$10 and \$5 denominations.

"I say here's silver," replied number two, bringing forth from the depths of the little old trunk a handful of silver dollars, halves, quarters, ten and five cent pieces.

"Well, well, this is romantic."

"Oh, no! it is very practical I should say, for here are twelve hundred dollars worth of U. S. bonds.

"And here's plate; real stirring silver."

The speaker took out an old fashioned silver cup with the monogram R. O. engraved on it, half a dozen solid silver table spoons, three desert spoons, one dozen tea spoons, one pair sugar tongs, and two salt spoons.

In this way, first one and then the other drew out something of value until as the inventory afterward proved they had before them property to the value of \$21,558.94!

Lastly, from the very bottom of the trunk they brought out the most

precious of all poor old Lochy's treasures, in the shape of a bundle of love letters, seventeen in number. The package was tied round with a narrow white satin ribbon, yellowish and stained with age. The letters themselves were much discolored and stained apparently with tear marks.

Poor old Lochy! doubtless many a time had she wept over these reminders of long-since-passed felicity. They were, like the shrivelled wedding cake, the empty gloves, and the withered flowers, sad to look upon. In that little packet was the whole history of her lonely life. The hand that wrote them had long since been mouldering in the grave far away in the west, the manly, noble heart that had glowed with true love for Lochy had ceased to throb many a year ago. It was pitiful to think of.

A FULL LIST OF WHAT WAS FOUND IN THE TRUNK.

Greenbacks	\$306.00
Gold Coin	105.00
Silver Coin	22.06
2 U. S. Bonds, Five Twenties.	200 00
1 U. S. Bond, Five Twenties,	1,000 00
Bond of German H. Preston, dated January 20th 1869	1,000.00
Bond and Mortgage from J. M. Cable, dated May 2d 1850	1,000.00
Bond and Mortgage from J. P. H. Tallman and wife to Joseph F. Barnard, dated Dec. 6th for \$1800, assigned to R. Ostrom, April 1865, \$800, paid May 10th 1865 leaving \$1000 due and interest from May 1st 1869	1,037.31
Bond and Mortgage of Walter D. Wheeler and wife to R. Ostrom, dated May 1st 1867, for \$4000 with interest from May 1st 1869	4,151.66
Bond and Mortgage made by James T. Hill, April 26th 1854 to James Rowell and assigned to Rachel Ostrom, May 1st 1863, for the amount of \$1500 with interest from May 1st 1869	1,556.87
Mortgage from German H. Preston to Mary T. Reed assigned to R. Ostrom for \$4000	* 4,151.66
Mortgage from Hamilton Kimlin to Daniel C. Hogan, made Dec. 1829 and assigned to R. Ostrom May 2d 1867 for \$287 and interest from May 1st 1867	279.87
Mortgage from Ebenezer Boyce and wife to S. D. Rider dated May 2d 1866, and assigned to R. Ostrom May 1st 1867 for \$5188 and interest from May 1st 1869	5,384.71
Mortgage to Rachel Ostrom by Philip and Maria Onduer, dated May 1st 1862 for \$500 and interest from May 1st 1869	518.97

Mortgage from Juliet Gallop, B. A. Van Kleek May 1st 1866	
[paid] for	500.00
On same now due including interest from May 1st 1869	200.00
Balance in Savings Bank	415.02
Cash at home in Bank Book	53.50
Silver Ware	144.00
Furniture, Coal, &c., &c.	101.25

The grand total of the Inventory reached the unexpected sum of \$21,553.94! There were several reports got abroad that beside all this wealth Lochy had left numerous lots of real estate still more valuable. If such is the case no one knows it positively. Nor has any person come forward to make any statement in Court to that effect that we have heard of.

THE AFFECTIONATE ALLEGED HEIRS SWARM FORWARD FOR THE PROPERTY.

A few days after the decease of the Maiden Miser was made public together with the fact, that, instead of being poor, she was wealthy, there was a great rush of heirs. People who had believed, and indeed were certain that Lochy Ostrom had not a relative in the wide, wide world were astounded to see such a formidable phalanx of heirs start forward.

Letters of administration on the estate of deceased were granted to Walter D. Wheeler, Esq., a creditor of Lochy Ostrom. On October 29th 1870 when the case was called up before Surrogate Milton A. Fowler, Jemima McKibbin, through her counsel, made a motion that the letters previously granted to Walter D. Wheeler should be revoked, and that letters of administration should be granted to her as being the nearest of Kin to the deceased.

Judge Nelson rose and said he appeared in behalf of Mary Fonda, and filed her claim.

Mr. Peter Dorland appeared for the petitioner. D. W. Guernsey, Esq., appeared for Thomas and Eliza Lewis of Washington Hollow; E. Crumney, Esq., for Margaret Ver Valin; Walter Farrington, Esq., for H. Hildibrant; James S. Williams, Esq., for James Roame and Judge Wheaton for Walter D. Wheeler.

John P. H. Tallman, Esq., presented a new petition for administration from John A. Lewis, and Samuel G. Bond. The petition stated that Jemima McKibbin, and others named in her petition, were in no way relatives of the deceased, but that said Rachel Ostrom left surviving her, Amelia Turner, Clarrissa Sage, John A. Lewis, Thomas Bond, Samuel

G. Bond, Sarah A. Wheeler, Elizabeth Buys, Isaac Buys, William Henry Buys, all cousins.

Judge Nelson then addressed the Court, after which Rachel Roame of 332 West Nineteenth Street, New York City, was placed on the witness stand, and testified that she, herself was nearly seventy three years old and knew Lochy Ostrom in her lifetime.

"How long ago were you acquainted with Lochy Ostrom, Mrs. Roame?"

"Very many years ago, Sir, in her early days when she was a young woman."

"Did you know her in her schooldays?"

"Yes Sir."

"Where did Lochy live at that time, Mrs. Roame?"

"She lived with her mother on Washington Street."

"What was your grandmother's name?"

"Rachel Van Beushoten. Her married name was Lewis."

"Was there any relationship?"

"Well, Sir, yes. It was in this way. My grandfather, Thomas Lewis and Lochy Ostrom's mother, Maria, were brother and sister. I was always taught to respect them as such. Thomas Lewis was also Jemima McKibbin's grandfather. The father's name was Leonard Lewis. Mary Fonda and Mrs. McKibbin are sisters."

The witness was then cross-examined.

"Can you remember the time when you were twelve years old?"

"Oh, yes, Sir."

"About how old was Lochy Ostrom then at that time?"

"She was grown up quite a woman. At that time also her father was dead. Lochy and her brother Hendricks and her aunt lived together in Washington street."

"Were any other members of the family living?"

"Yes, Sir, there was another brother living at Three Rivers, Canada."

"Did you ever visit Lochy Ostrom in your early days?"

"Yes, Sir, during school vacations."

"Did she recognise your grandmother as her sister-in-law?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, now, were the visits you made to Lochy Ostrom after the death of your grandmother repeated often enough by you to keep up the identity of Lochy?"

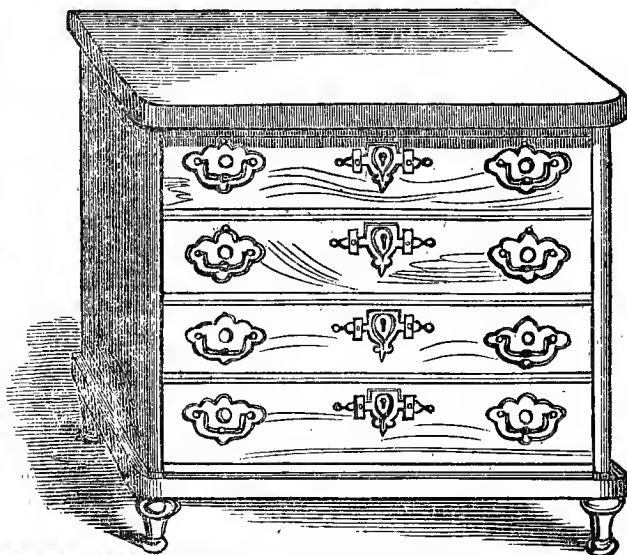
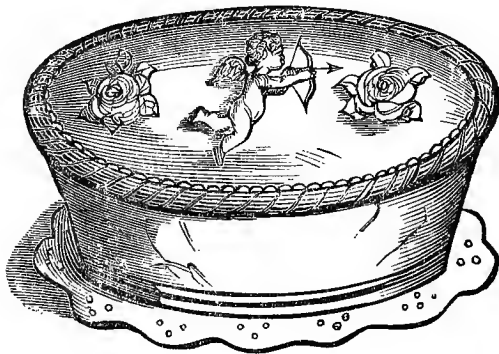
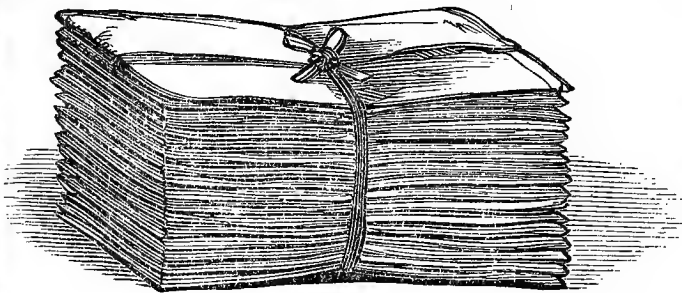
"Oh, dear, yes."

How long since is it that you last saw Lochy Ostrom?"

"One year ago I saw her."

"Did you say anything to her at that time about her family?"

"Yes, Sir, I spoke to her about it. It's natural you know when old



Lochy Ostrom's old mahogany bureau. The bundle of her love letters. And the pound cake, baked and ornamented with icing at the time of her intended marriage. The icing was perfect, though the cake was much shrivelled with age.

people meet for them talk about relatives and friends. She did tell me that she believed all her relations were dead and that she was the only one of the whole family that was left alive."

"Previous to this visit, how long was it before you had seen Lochy?"

"Almost twenty years, Sir."

"What did you say Lochy's mother's name was?"

"It was Maria Lewis."

Here the case was adjourned until Friday November 18th. On that date the proceedings were resumed.

Astonishing as it may seem there were on this occasion seventy separate and distinct persons all claiming to be the only true heirs of the Maiden Miser. They were like a small army of Micawbers waiting for something to turn up. Many of these claimants were championed by the best lawyers in Poughkeepsie and were armed with all sorts of papers, legal documents, and letters, some of which were suspiciously new while others were quite aged, judging from the rough yellow paper and pale faded ink.

THE SCENE IN THE COURT HOUSE.

Surrogate Fowler is not a man easy to be astonished; but for once in his life was astonished, as was also Rene Dorland, Esq., his chief clerk.

Around the legal table sat an array of Counsellors sufficient to terrify larger estates than poor old Lochy Ostrom's.

John P. H. Tallman, Esq., who claimed twelve thousand dollars for legal services rendered to the Maiden Miser during her lifetime, appeared for John A. Lewis; Peter Dorland, Esq., for Jemima McKibbin; O. D. M. Baker, Esq., for Mary Fonda; D. W. Guernsey, Esq., for Thomas Lewis and others; E. Crumney for Margaret Ver Valin; W. J. Thorne, Esq., for the Hildibrant heirs and Judge Wheaton for Walter D. Wheeler the first administrator.

A new lawyer Martin I. Townsend came in from Troy, N. Y., for the firm of Townsend and Brown. He appeared for Trojan heirs, as though there were not enough already.

"Proceed gentlemen," smiled the Surrogate, with his usual affability.

On behalf of Jemima McKibbin the first witness called was Emma Dubois. She testified that she knew Lochy Ostrom in her lifetime, seeing her almost daily. Heard her say that Jemima McKibbin was her nearest relative, being her second cousin. She said that her mother had one brother and that was Mrs. McKibbin's grandfather; heard her say that she had two brothers, but both were dead.

Being cross-examined the witness said that Lochy used to visit her.

father's house often; but not by invitation. Sometimes she would stay all day and all night; heard her say that she had no relatives; her married brother leaving no children. Never had heard her say anything about her father's side; had heard her say that her mother had one brother and he was Mrs. McKibbin's grandfather. Heard her often say that she was going to make a will. She said there was no relative near enough to take her property. I have heard Lochy say that Clarissa Sage claimed to be a distant relative of hers, as did also Mrs. Turner.

JOHN M. CABLE testified, "I have resided in Poughkeepsie between sixty and seventy years."

"Did you know Rachel, otherwise known as Lochy Ostrom."

"Yes Sir, I knew her well, for fifty or sixty years."

"When you first knew her, where did she live?"

"She lived here in Poughkeepsie, in Washington street."

"With whom?"

"With her mother and brother. They are both dead now."

"That brother's name, what was it?"

"His name was Hendrick."

"This brother, was he ever married?"

"Yes, Sir."

"All the family lived in Washington street?"

"They did, and owned the property there. They also owned other property."

"Did Lochy ever speak to you of other brothers?"

"She did. She told me that Leonard and John died without children."

The testimony was pretty much all of the same cloth, and after the last witness had signed his testimony, there ensued a desultory conversation among all the parties present about one John Ostrom, who was said to have been alive, in Lochy's time, and who had a son that went to sea. There was evidently an endeavor on the part of E. Crumney Esq., to bring him out, or his next of kin as heirs; but no definite result was reached.

The following record obtained from the First Reformed Church in Main street was then put in evidence.

"Rachel, daughter of Jacobus Ostrom and Mary Lewis, born April 29th 1781; baptized September 30th 1781—Sponsors Thomas Lewis and Rachel Lewis."

"Maria, daughter of Thomas Lewis and Rachel Van Beuschoten; born August 14th 1782, baptized November 19th 1782—Sponsors Jacobus and Anna Meryte Ostrom."

At this juncture of the case there was an interruption that caused considerable merriment. It was occasioned by Henry M. Taylor Esq., of Poughkeepsie, presenting a petition from one Hiram Barrager of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

The petitioner stated therein that he formerly resided in the township of Sidney, Canada West, that his wife's name was Polly Ostrom to whom he was married in 1852, that the said wife is the daughter of Simon Ostrom, deceased, who formerly resided at Bay Trinity, Canada West.

"Deponent is informed that said Simon Ostrom who is the father of deponent's wife, was a brother of the deceased Lochy Ostrom."

The petition was filed.

The next move was made by Leonard B. Sackett Esq., and created much laughter. He presented the following letter, copied verbatim.

DENVER, Colorado, Feb. 17. 1870.

MR. LEONARD B. SACKETT, Esq.

Dear Sir:

Having refferance to you by letter from a sitizen of your plaze as a man of promptitude and ability in your profession, I would desire you to investigate and inquire into the leavings of Lochy Ostrom, finding out what was her fathers name and decent, as I think she was a sister of my fathers, and if so there is certainly an Heir at Law to hair Estate, and i shall want you to atend to the recovery of Sed Estate and the Business connected thire with. but iff her Decent or Leanage does not belong to me then i want nothing of itt. i therefore leave mysilff in your hands for further direction and shall be governed by yon in the neseary steps to be taken either for or against sed estate. i would state that my family were raised in Orange and Montgomery Co. State of New York. All questions you may feel inclined to ask i shall most cheerfully answer as far as my knowledge goes.

Yours Trewly

W. H. OSTROM.

The Court ordering this document to be filed thought that after such a joke an adjournment botter take place. So the further consideration of the case was postponed till Wednesday December 7th.

Punctually at the proper hour on that date Surragate Fowler took his seat and the case was taken up again.

Another heir has turned up making seventy one. This petitioner hails from Ravenna Ohio. He says:

"My mother's sister, whose name was Rachel, married John Ostrom. It is believed by me that Lochy is the issue of this marriage. Rachel died at Utica, N. Y. in 1833."

JAMES FUREY.

The following document has been received by D. W. Guernsey Esq

RIVERTON, Connt. Oct. 28. 1870.

Dear Sir:

I saw a few days ago in an article in a newspaper, in reference to the Rachel Lochy Ostrom of Poughkeepsie. I carried the paper to my father, who is now sixty five years old, and he requested me as being his son to put in a claim as the legal heir. His name is Melancton C. Ostrom. Please inform me what is the legal course to pursue.

GEORGE M. OSTROM.

Upon the opening of the proceedings the present administrator of Lochy's estate Mr. Walter D. Wheeler, appeared in Court with a mysterious looking half-bushel bag, which it was afterwards ascertained contained vouchers, deeds, and other papers belonging to the estate and ordered to be presented by the Court.

The bag was opened and the proper persons began to dive down among its contents; all musty souvenirs of the past, the most valuable of which was the family bible containing the records of family names, marriages and deaths..

It was indeed a singular scene for a curious beholder to gaze upon. The main object was to ascertain beyond doubt what was really the name of Lochy's father. Among the rest was discovered the following curious document.

"By His Excellency Geo. Washington Esq., General and Commander in Chief of the forces of the United States of America. These are to certify that the bearer hereof, Sigeter Walter, soldier in the Eighth Massachussetts Regiment, having faithfully served the United States seven years and three months, and being enlisted for the war only, is hereby discharged from the American Army.

Given at the Head Quarters the seventh day of June 1783.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Out of the same bag came the following:

May 1st 1785.

MR. HENDRICK OSTROM

To JAMES OSTROM, DR.

To Settlement on account	Pds. 5 7S. 6d.
" 1 Turkey	0 4 " 6 "

" Funeral Charges	0 2 " 8 "
" Digging Grave	0 1 " 8 "
" 3 Galls Rum	0 5 " 0 "
" 1 Coffin	0 4 " 0 "
" Sugar, pipes and tobacco	0 0 " 0 "

Next came out the annexed novel receipt:

Received of Jacob Ostrom three shillings, two pence in full of all demands from the beginning of the world to eternity.

ROBERT JOHNSON.

Here is the all important document which proves that the name of Lochy's father was Jacobus.

MR. JACOBUS OSTROM

TO GABRIEL ELLISON, DR.

To Teaching his daughter, Rachel seven months, viz. from May 1st 1796 to Dec. 1st 1Pd. 7s. 0d. Contents received.

GABRIEL ELLISON.

Also among the documents were papers showing that Andrew Ostrom was a brother of Jacobus Ostrom. Therefore if any children of Andrew are alive let them make themselves known.

Besides all these documents there came forth from the mysterious old bag several love letters which by some means must have escaped Lochy's notice when she tied up the packet of seventeen.

After the examination of the contents of the bag the first witness called was Walter D. Wheeler the administrator of the estate. His testimony was simply to the point that he had found the bag of records among Lochy's effects.

Peter Dorland Esq., rising said:

"May it please the Court, I now move Your Honor that an order be entered revoking the letters of administration issued to Walter D. Wheeler, and that letters of administration be granted to Jemima McKibbin."

William I. Thorne requested Surrogate Fowler to wait a reasonable time until all parties could be heard. The Judge said if Mr. Thorne or others wished an adjournment in order to disprove Mrs. McKibbin's right to the letters of administration, the Court would order such adjournment, but the Court expected such proof, if there be any, today.

Mr. Thorne replied that he was in a position to show that Mrs. McKibbin was not an heir; and perhaps that the whole thing was a fraud.

He denied that there was an heir proof.

The Surrogate notified all the lawyers present to prepare themselves to show how they expected to get pay for appearances; after which he adjourned the Court until December 23d.

THE LAWYERS THINNED OUT.

On December 23d Friday the proceedings were resumed. Judge Fowler's hints to the lawyers on the preceeding occasion about showing how they expected to get pay for their services had thinned their ranks like a discharge at close quarters of a maitraille. Instead of *seventeen* of these gentlemen presenting themselves only *four* came forward, as follows—Peter Dorland Esq. for Jemima McKibbin; O. D. M. Baker Esq., of the firm of Nelson and Baker for the Lewis heirs; and E. Crumney Esq., for the Hildibrant heirs, and James Williams Esq. for Eloise Wiswell.

Peter Dorland Esq., made a motion asking that an order be entered, revoking letters of administration issued to Walter D. Wheeler, and, upon filing the bond required, by Jemima McKibbin, new letters be granted her.

Judge Wheaton on behalf of Walter D. Wheeler the present administrator stated that he was willing that the order be granted, and intimated that there were to be many claims of a doubtful nature made against the estate.

Thereupon Surrogate Fowler declared Jemima McKibbin as administratrix.

James Weeks Esq., who appeared in the same line as the Lewis heirs, suggested that a definite order be entered, which was assented to.

THE FINAL FIGHT FOR THE RICHES.

Now that the combat of the heirs had ceased and Jemima McKibbin had received the letters of administration a host of claimants attacked that lady in front, flank, and rear; presenting bills for every imaginable thing against the estate she had received from the Maiden Miser. Some of these claims were of the most ludicrous character. To show the avidity of their presentors, Judge Wheaton in open Court stated that a corrected inventory of Lochy's estate footed up to *seventeen thousand* dollars, while the various claims footed up to *nineteen thousand dollars!*

The largest claim against the estate is that of John P. H. Tallman

Esq., the lawyer, for twelve thousand dollars for legal services rendered to Lochy Ostrom during her lifetime. Mr. Calvin T. Frost of Peekskill was appointed referee in this case.

Mr. Tallman swore that old Lochy used to call on him two or three times a day for twelve years, and that he always had to give up other business to attend to hers. There were many prominent lawyers present to give evidence about Mr. Tallman's claim. Previously several witnesses had sworn to the fact that Lochy had visited Mr. Tallman's office daily for a number of years, remaining in consultation with him from fifteen minutes to two hours, five or six times a day, to the exclusion of other clients. Three of Mr. Tallman's clerks testified to Lochy's visits occurring daily through a period of eight or ten years. Evidence was taken as to the value of services thus rendered.

Charles A. Fowler, Surrogate of Ulster County testified that if the intestate consulted the plaintive five or six times a day in his office, and occupied from fifteen minutes to two hours time at each interview for six years, those services would be worth from five to ten dollars for each consultation, and if they were of more than usual importance two hours' time would be worth more than that; probably twenty five dollars each. Some weight would be given to the importance of the case. A fair charge for important consultation would depend upon the time consumed. If two hours, then not less than ten dollars. If the consultation was upon the subject of investing her money, \$25,000, he would charge five or ten dollars each. Two hours consultation on any matter would be worth ten dollars. Any consultation, even if it does not consume over five minutes, is worth five dollars, if it is worth anything.

There are some consultations, however, for which lawyers do not habitually charge anything. Litigated cases are among these. Mr. Fowler stated that he had had the management of estates worth \$25,000, or upwards for over six years; but never had such a client as Lochy Ostrom is said to have been. He never knew a layer to charge by the hour, at least a respectable practitioner. Never knew a lawyer who did all the business for a client who charged for every consultation. Observed in the testimony that Lochy Ostrom never had any litigated business.

Cornelius Esselaty of Hudson, testified that if Lochy Ostrom visited Mr. Tallman and consulted his time to the exclusion of other clients she should pay for it. It is worth from three hundred to five hundred dollars to take care of an estate worth \$25,000, not including the time occupied in daily consultation at the office. If an ignorant and miserly woman came to me over and over again to consult on one piece of business all the time, and I had the general management of her affairs, I would regard it as my right to charge her from five to ten dollars for each consultation.

Among others who testified in this line were Judge Thomas George of Newburg, J. Hellick Drake Esq., of the same place, and Hon. Chas. L. Beal of Columbia County.

A further adjournment of the case was then ordered till December 26th during which examination, Hon. Allard Anthony and Hon. John Thompson appeared for Mr. Tallman, while Judge Charles Wheaton and Wm. I. Thorne represented Walter D. Wheeler, the former administrator of the estate. E. Crumney Esq., appeared for unknown heirs. During the proceedings the counsel for Mr. Tallman offered to prove that Lochy Ostrom promised to pay Mr. Tallman liberally for services rendered by him but the opposition objected.

The most persistent and successful lawyer throughout the whole case was Peter Dorland Esq., he showing wonderful shrewdness and skill in all his moves.

One bill of about three hundred dollars brought against the Maiden Miser's estate was for "pie furnished at various times to Rachel otherwise known as Lochy Ostrom." There are others just as frivolous and flimsy and we do not think Mrs. McKibbin will have much trouble in throwing them out altogether.

LOCHY'S LONG LIFE-LOVE.

There is nothing so admirable and lovely in woman as her true love. It never grows old, it never pals the taste, and while human nature is human nature, so long will woman's love command the adoration of mankind, like the daily returning sun with its bright beams and genial warmth.

And what has directed particular attention to poor old Lochy Ostrom, is not the fact of the miserly habits of the latter half of her life, is not the fact that she was once such a lovely, sprightly girl, but it is the fact that for between *sixty* and *seventy* years she carried in her heart the purest love for one man. In early womanhood, in mature life, and in withering years of her latest existence that pure love grew greener like the ivy that clings round the dead oak.

At about the age of twenty two or twenty three, Lochy or Pretty Rachie as she was then called, happened to meet J. W. Gazely at a little social gathering to which both had been invited. He was a young man then of good figure, with a fine, intellectual face and engaging manners. He had heard before of Lochy and had been warned about losing his heart. Lochy had also heard of him and had been cautioned not to fall in love with him.

"No danger," laughed the gay-spirited girl. "Your Adonis will not



Lochy Ostrom's singular dream as narrated to old Mrs. Ramsey.

conquer me."

The instant they met the two glanced at each other, and each felt a strange sensation, a feeling neither could describe. And singularly enough, during the rest of the evening until nearly the close of the party each one avoided the other as much as possible.

For once and forever Lochy Ostrom's heart was made captive by that mysterious gossamer, that indescribable strand, which, though unseen, binds so strongly, that Death alone can snap it.

From that evening forward Lochy exchanged her merry, light-hearted manners for a more quiet though equally pleasant demeanor. The many bounding rivulets of good will and affection that had hitherto diffused themselves in all directions from her good young heart were now gathered into one deep flowing river which swept ceaselessly on toward the newly-found object of her love.

Exactly the same effect was produced upon Gazely, and in spite of themselves these two young people were drawn to each other until at last they exchanged vows of mutual love and fidelity.

The first time it is supposed they went out together in public was on Christmas Day, 1806, which would be just *sixty-four years previous to Lochy's death*. It is quite possible that they went in public together some time previous to that even, though as we have no positive data, we cannot tell. The following is the card:

The company of Miss R. Ostrom is requested at a ball,
at Cunningham's Hotel, on Wednesday Evening,
December 25th instant, at 6 o'clock, P. M.

T. SLEE
C. POWERS

- { MANAGERS. }

F. MONTGOMERY
H. COOK

DECEMBER 20th 1806.

This card was found with Lochy's love letters after she died and doubtless was sacredly kept by her through the long years of her life as a memento of the past.

In obtaining a history of the early and even middle life of a woman so exceedingly old as Lochy Ostrom, there is naturally the greatest difficulty. Persons who knew her in her early days are nearly all dead or did not take sufficient interest in her *at that time*, to remember now any facts. Still from the few that are alive it was possible to glean a pretty correct

history of her young years; whilst from the present generation it was quite easy to obtain anecdotes about the Maiden Miser's declining age sufficient to fill a large sized book.

She has been called "The Maiden Miser" an appellation which is quite likely to mislead people in their opinion of her and cause them to regard her as a creature of sordid nature grubbing for gold and hoarding it away. Strangers thought her a cold, grasping iron-hearted old woman entirely devoid of all the kindlier attributes of human nature.

Never was there a greater mistake. In her eccentric way Lochy Ostrom, the Maiden Miser, during her long life did more real good and was ten times more benevolent than ninety-nine out of a hundred persons around her, who noised their charities abroad. Only a few months before her death she made use of the following remarks to an aged friend whom she had assisted.

"You know I am a poor old woman myself, and have not much; still I always have a little to help a worthy friend. When I had my trouble I made up my mind that it was the will of Providence. Had my mother not broken off my match I would quite likely have been married and become the mother of children and been quite happy with Mr. Gazeley. Then and for many a long year afterwards I felt terribly about it; but by the time I reached the top of the weary hill and looked back on the sunshine in the valley, and looked around me at the happiness I could have in future by ministering to my fellow beings, I got a new heart and began a new life.

"I know I am odd in my ways and eccentric in my habits; but that was the only method in which I could accomplish what I have accomplished. It might have been different at one time, but it is as well as it is. Perhaps in the other life we may be rejoined—Ah me! ah me! what a strange thing the human heart is! But never mind I must think of what there is to do. Here I have brought you a jar of preserved plums, and a couple of plasters for your back. You will find the plums will give you a relish for your food, and the plasters which I spread myself, you can depend will do your back a great deal of good."

These remarks were made as she was taking her leave of the aged lady whom she often visited, and used thus to assist. With this preliminary insight into the real character and disposition of Lochy Ostrom, we place before our readers, her former history, from the time she promised Mr. Gazely to become his wife, to the period of her death.

LOCHY'S COURTSHIP.

At the time that Lochy Ostrom became acquainted with Mr. James W. Gazely, that gentleman was just commencing the practice of law in

Poughkeepsie. Being highly respectable, Lochy's parents made no objection to his paying attention to their daughter, especially as she herself took such a fancy for him.

Several years the courtship went on, and so thoroughly convinced were all the friends and acquaintances of the two lovers that they would soon wed, that nothing else was thought of. During this time Lochy's father died, leaving her mother a widow. The match was then hastened on by the mother who wished her daughter to be settled down in life. Hitherto it had been supposed by the Ostroms that Gazely had money, or at least that his people were well off and influential. This illusion was dispelled by the suitor himself, who, informing his intended mother-in-law of his being comparatively poor, told her:

"Why, Mrs. Ostrom, if it had not been for my poverty, I would have married Lochy long ago. But I could not ask her to become my wife till I felt thoroughly able to support her properly as such."

"That's very brave and noble in you, James," replied the matter-of-fact-mother, "I'm much obliged to you for being so candid, as I can now make an arrangement for Lochy to marry somebody who can keep her." Gazely was astounded, and when he recovered somewhat he remonstrated:

"Why Mrs. Ostrom, it will not hurt Lochy to wait a little longer for me. I shall soon be doing quite well."

"No! no, James," quickly replied the practical woman. "That is all a day dream. You'll get over that when you are older. Lawyering is a dreadful poor business for a poor young man, without, at any rate, he has political friends to push him ahead. Now if you were a farmer or something of that sort, then Lochy could be of some help to you and you could get along very well together. But in the name of common sense, what help could she give you as a lawyer? Why not a bit. I like you as well as anybody I know, and I'd rather you had Lochy than any man of our acquaintance. I believe you love each other. But you can neither one of you live on love, nor keep children on it. So you better give up the idea of marrying Lochy."

Gazely was an eccentric man, and surveying his intended mother-in-law he remarked with that bitter politeness which is so much keener than explosive anger:

"Mrs. Ostrom you are the most intensely practical woman I ever beheld. Your heart is a diamond for hardness." Then he added as he withdrew, "You may prevent Lochy marrying me perhaps, but you cannot force her to marry any other man."

For a short time after this interview the young couple continued much as usual to see each other, as though nothing had occurred; and, but for one unfortunate circumstance, the objections of the practical mother might have been overcome. [In those days it was not so easy for per-

sons to get married as it is at the present time. Then no clergyman would dare to perform the ceremony except in the regular way, the banns being proclaimed from the altar three sundays previous to the marriage.]

The circumstance we speak of was the sudden illness of Mrs. Ostrom. She was seized with paralysis one night, and from that hour till the day of her death she was almost helpless. This sad event was what changed the entire after current of both Lochy's life and that of her affianced lover, James Gazely.

THE LOVER'S PART.

Lochy loved her mother and when the latter was thus stricken down by disease the daughter felt that it was her duty to remain with her mother, and forego her own happiness the better to perform that duty. At the next interview she had with her affianced, therefore, after conversing sometime upon general topics she said:

"Dear James, I have concluded to ask you, either to release me from my promise to become your wife, or else to wait for me until mother dies. There is no one to attend to her but myself. Therefore my duty is plain, and I could not ask you to load yourself with my sick mother beside myself. I cannot tell you the pain it brings to my heart to make this request of you, James, but you see yourself how it is."

Gazely sat silently fondling Lochy's hands and gazing sorrowfully into her face for at least five minutes. Then, like a strong man who has suddenly nerved himself for a terrible agony he said in a more than usually quiet tone:

"Lochy, it seems to me that Heaven itself is against our union. You are a good, noble girl and I know you love me. And only God knows how I love you. My mind is made up. Now decide. Shall I release you? or shall I wait for you?"

"If you will wait James, I—I—"

The loving girl could not finish the sentence; but twining her arms about her lover's neck, her woman's heart gave way, and she wept violently.

"Lochy," at last said Gazely, raising her face so that he could look down upon it, "it shall be so, we will wait for each other. It may be for years; it may be forever; but we will wait. Tomorrow I start for the West. There I can make my way; there perhaps in a short time I can become wealthy enough to return and marry you, whether your mother be living or not."

"Can't you stay here, James?" pleaded Lochy, "though my sad duty prevents me becoming your wife, still if I could only have you near



How Lochy, in behalf of a poor girl, brought a rich scamp to terms.

me to utter occasional words of love to me and to see you once in awhile, it would cheer me continually, and lighten the burden. And I fear if you go away I shall never behold you again. Something will happen some cloud will arise."

"No, Lochy, that may not be. I cannot remain here. My fate cries out, and so somewhere, I must."

"Well, if you must, James, you must," answered Lochy with quiet sorrow.

Gazely then rose and the two stepped out on the porch together.

"You won't forget me, will you, James, when you go away to the West?"

"Do you see the Pole Star shining up there?" asked Gazely pointing up to the sky.

"Yes I see it. They say it never sets, but is always in view."

"As true as that star so I will be to you, Lochy."

"Oh, James, something seems to tell me that if you once go away, it will be forever. You will see some woman handsomer and better than I, and—look up there! you see the cloud which has just hidden the star—you will forget me. Ah! that is an omen."

"Never mind the omens, Lochy, love," replied Gazely. "It is for you I go, but I will come back again. Come, kiss me good bye, sweet heart, good bye!"

"Well, James," said Lochy in a low, grave tone, "whether you forget me or not, I shall never forget you; whether you ever marry any one beside me or not, I will never marry except with you. I have given you my heart and pledge, and should I live to be a hundred years old no other man shall ever have it. And so,—I kiss you good bye—*forever! forever!*" she added to herself as Gazely sprang down from the porch and strode swiftly away up the road.

Lochy at once began her new life. Some young women in her situation, though assuming the same duty she did with her sick mother, would have become morose and ill-natured. But it was quite the reverse with her. Though the nature of Mrs. Ostrom's malady made her sometimes exceedingly provoking, yet never, for an instant did the patient girl lose her temper nor suffer herself to speak angrily to the invalid.

The means which the father had left behind were rather meagre and besides the efforts of the brother Hendrick, it required Lochy herself to work occasionally in order to meet the daily wants and necessities of the house. Still she never murmured, nor repined; but met each fresh difficulty with fresh determination and effort. No matter what the labor was Lochy never flinched from it. Now she would go out sewing for a day, then she would be taking in scholars and teaching them either embroid-

ery, tambouring, or drawing in profile.

[The medallion head which appears on our cover is a perfect profile likeness of Lochy Ostrom at the age of twenty-four. And what makes it more noticable is the fact that it was most ingeniously drawn by Lochy herself by means of four looking glasses.]

Just after the parting between her and Mr. Gazely, Lochy had a strange dream which she narrated to her mother and afterwards to a few of her friends. She thought she saw herself sitting asleep in an easy chair dressed for her marriage. A few yards from her there appeared an altar before which stood a second image of herself holding the hand of Mr. Gazely while a clergyman in robes stood with book in hand ready for the ceremony. Suddenly, hovering above the altar scene, there came a cloudy figure like Time or Death with a huge scythe in his hands. He waved it over the nuptial pair who were instantly torn apart by unseen hands, when all in a moment the vision vanished.

This strange dream she never narrated to any one in her old age, nor could she endure any of her old acquaintances to whom she had chanced to tell it refer to it.

THE FIRST LETTER.

Mr. Gazely had promised Lochy that he would write to her as soon as he reached Cincinnati; in fact both had agreed to write often to each other. But in those primitive times travelling was very difficult and imperfect, and consequently Lochy did not receive the coveted letter for seven weeks after her final interview with her lover. The following is a copy

Cincinnati, July 1st 1809.

My dear Lochy:

I arrived here safe and sound, though somewhat sore with the unmerciful jolting I received during the last part of the staging. Many times while journeying through the wild and lonely forest or over the rough mountain ridges, I have had no guide save that Pole star you and I gazed at when you and I kissed good bye. I expect to do well here. At least I intend to leave no stone unturned in the effort. And I hope for your sake that Providence will smile upon me for once. I took a walk today among the hills. The scenery is lovely, the air balmy the trees in full verdure and the earth carpeted with the most delightful flowers. I have plucked you one or two and enclosed them in this letter. Every time I write to you I shall send you a sprig or bud. If you press

them between the leaves of a book they will dry and keep for long years. There's several kisses on each one for you, darling. Do you know it is a great thing for a man to have an object to strive for in life. As the attraction of the Sun keeps all the stars and bodies of this universe in their regular orbits, so does object keep mankind ever moving in a regular orbit. What do you suppose I would be without yourself to keep me in my orbit? Certainly I should become an erratic wanderer, like a comet; or be constantly flying off at tangents.

I hope this will find your mother as well as possible, for with her ailment it is impossible that she could improve. I often and often regret that she did not consent to our union; because then she as well as yourself would have had a protector. I believe we could have managed to get along very well; not of course as we should like; but pretty well considering everything.

I lie awake often at nights and think of you; imagining that I see you and hear you attending to your self-imposed duty of caring for your mother. Sometimes I think you are a little hard in having made me wait but then again the thought comes to me what a good, dear, devoted wife will a girl make who is so good to her mother. Then my love grows stronger and stronger for you, Lochy. I do not spend one cent foolishly. In fact I deprive myself of many articles, and debar myself of many enjoyments in order that I may save money. Because dearest you see by thus eating brown bread now I shall the sooner be able to make you my wife. The shirt bosoms you made me are very handsome. I see none so well fitting or so finely stitched.

Remember me kindly to your mother. You can show her this letter if you like. Give my best respects to Hendrick and the rest. How does the dove I gave you get along? She was a pretty bird and loved me very much. The postboy is just playing his horn. This is his last round for collecting the letters; so I must close this missive and send it to you. A thousand kisses for you darling. Ever your own

JAMES W. GAZELY.

This first letter from her lover was exceedingly welcome to Lochy who trembled with excitement and joy as the post man placed it in her hand with the remark:

"Don't recollect ever having had a letter for you before Miss Lochy."

Though Lochy read it many times over and over again during that day she did not attempt to write an answer until night, after she had finished her household duties and got her mother to sleep. Then getting out the inkhorn and quills she sat herself down in her chamber to write her first love letter. Until now she thought it an easy task; but though

her mind was filled with brilliant words she could not get them down properly upon the paper, and it was not until she had spoiled and mended several quills—in those days there were no steel or gold pens—and inked several sheets of paper as well as her fingers, that she managed to write fairly the following reply:

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y. JULY 22d 1809.

Dear James:

I have just got your letter, and I am trying to answer it, for I know you want an answer. But I don't know how. You won't think me bold because I write *dear* before your name. I hope not because it is true. Indeed you are very, very dear to me, James. I am glad you liked those shirt bosoms. I made them as well as I knew how. Whea they wear out send me word and I will make you more. You ask how the dove is; well she is just as usual, she will come and perch on my shoulder now just as she used to do you and put her bill to my lips and coo, like the lovable little creature she is. Do you know this afternoon when no one was about I read your letter to her, and she hopped, and cooed, and went on at a great rate just as though she understood it all. The flowers you send I will keep in the little volume of poems you gave me last Christmas. I have a little box that I put something else in—shall I tell you what? Yes I will—our wedding cake, and I will put it, and the book with the flowers in the same box. Should I die at any time they will be found there.

Mother is not in a very aimiable mood today, so I shall not show her the letter till tomorrow. She suffers very much at times and I do not wonder that she should be crabbed and exacting in consequence. But I have already learned to bear with her. It is my duty and your praise you give me for thus attending to this sad duty will keep my spirits bright at times in the future when otherwise I might feel a little despondent. I often and often think of you in the stilly hours of night and the busy hours of day and oh how often I wish you were here with me. I send you back a thousand kisses a ^{new} other thousand beside that.

Never any one's but your own

LOCHY.

From this time up to 1811 the correspondence was kept up between the parted lovers. At that time Mr. Gazely, having saved up some money, made a visit to Poughkeepsie to endeavor to persnade Lochy to marry him. But it, was useless. Notwithstanding all he could urge, the money he had already saved, and his bright prospects in Cincinnati,

Lochy would not consent to marry him until the death of her mother. Though his love was not diminished by this refusal, still he was much troubled about it, and there was a little acerbity in his manner when he bade her good bye. Again in 1812, while the war excitement was up between this country and England, Gazely once more came to Poughkeepsie to urge the marriage. Again he was disappointed, however, and left in some anger for Cincinnati. During the next six or seven years, neither heard of the other, when Gazely wrote as follows.

Cincinnati, August 15th 1818.

Dearest Lochy:

It is nigh seven years since I saw my native village during which time I have received a letter from no person in it. How happy are we in thinking of and enjoying of our own dear selves. I shall be glad to know from you where are the thousand rambles, the thousand hours, and the thousand scenes of delight we have taken together? To where have they fled? Are there any traces by which we can say, "here we conversed, here we sat, here we walked;" or is it all fled? Do we yet dream, or is there any reality? Oh Lochy, like the yearning, wandering sailor, I look toward you again, my guiding star. Must we never meet again? Please write to me.—

JAMES.

POUGHKEEPSIE, SEPTEMBER 1st 1818.

Dearest James:

I had thought you were gone from me forever as you did not write me any more. Your sweet letter came like an unexpected sun-beam of light and love from a cold, dark sky. And yet after all it caused me anguish. "Must we never meet again?" Would to heaven I could fly to your arms and heart and tell "yes, yes, never to part again." But—the old story—my duty to — She is getting more and more feeble every day, and requires every moment of my time. Sometimes I feel ready to give up. Oh, James, if you will promise to forget me I will gladly release you from your vow to me. Do not I pray and beseech of you let me hinder you from marrying some other woman if you can be happy. But believe me I shall never have any other image in my heart but yours.

Ever your loving but wretched

LOCHY.

Cincinnati, November 4th 1818.

Dearest Lochy:

You were doubtless a little perplexed at my manner of writing. Turn your eyes on the past and then say how I should have written. In 1811 and 1812 I made two journeys from the West to offer and yield to you a heart which I did not feel at liberty to give to another. Your duty to your mother forbade your acceptance. This is a sacred duty. I always commend you for its performance. At the same time, I thought and still think this ought not to have been an objection. Ours was a painful, heart-rending separation. You stood on the porch where we had so often before embraced and parted. I told you it was doubtful if I should ever return; you would not believe me. I did not tell you in my last; but I now confess to you that during the long period you did not hear from me I considered it my duty to marry an estimable lady, whom, however, it pleased God to remove from me within a year after the wedding day. She is now happy in the mansions of eternal rest.

Your lover

JAMES W. GAZELY.

To this letter Lochy wrote a reply full of affection, kind words, and condolence, but at the end she mournfully added: "My poor heart is torn by the thought that my adherence to duty caused you to release yourself from your self-imposed promise. But I cannot chide you for it. Do you remember the omen of the cloud coming over the star? I would sign myself as I used to "ever your loving &c. &c." But I dare not thrust myself upon you that way, and so wishing you, dearest James every happiness I sign plain

LOCHY OSTROM.

On the following February Gazely wrote a long letter to Lochy from which we take these extracts:

"It is a great duty you have to discharge toward your mother; and to a generous noble mind its faithful discharge will afford a lasting consolation. I wish her removal from her distress and should feel the greatest pleasure in rendering any relief in my power to her; or any pleasure

to the noble daughter who diligently watches her tottering steps and soothes her life. Go on and fulfil your heavenly duty. Remember me to her and remember also that the greatest and warmest wish of my heart has ever been to see you happy. You once said my going away so far was the cause of our separation. You think we would have been happy had I remained in my native state. I answer do you not recollect that the last time I saw you my offer was to live anywhere, and consent to any arrangement for our mutual peace, happiness and satisfaction; in which offer your mother was not forgotten nor neglected. You well know the reason why it was not so. From that day to the present I have looked upon our separation as inevitable and eternal.

Were I in the state of New York my opinion is we would both be as we are now—great friends, and quite happy together, and very comfortable apart. Where an attachment is so strong that objections and inconveniences are no obstacles sufficient to prevent a union, it forms the foundation of human happiness, and gives the parties an opportunity to be happy in the society of each other. It appears to me that this is wanting. I have no idea that I could make any offer that would induce Rachel Ostrom to change her situation; therefore I shall not make one. A bare, cold calculation of probable happiness or misery will not answer whenever our affections are so weak that we stop to consider a few years and consult friends. Marriage in this case is out of the question. My disposition in such affairs is to consult the heart first and afterwards consult good fortune and trust in Providence. My dearest girl you have had too many doubts and fears. I hope that you will yet learn that the best marriage outfit is an undivided love. Without it everything is indeed poverty.”

From the very day that Lochy received this letter her whole nature seemed to alter, and she commenced to lead a different life. The best description we can give is her own words to old Mrs. Ramsey when after Mr. Gazely's rumored death she referred to it.

“That was a dagger thrust into my heart. That hour my love changed from a warm life to a stony image cold and insensate. I saw before me another path in my future earthly existence. I felt that I was to live *alone*. I knew mother must soon die and that I must work to support myself beside laying up something for old age. I felt certain I should live to be very aged. There was no other course for me to pursue.”

From the receipt of that letter twenty six long years passed away and then the postman brought Lochy Ostrom a letter postmarked Cincinnati. She was astonished but there was no thrilling in her bosom as she recog-

nized the handwriting of her once-betrothed lover. Twenty six years of struggling had made her "very practical". She broke the seal and read

"Dear Rachel:

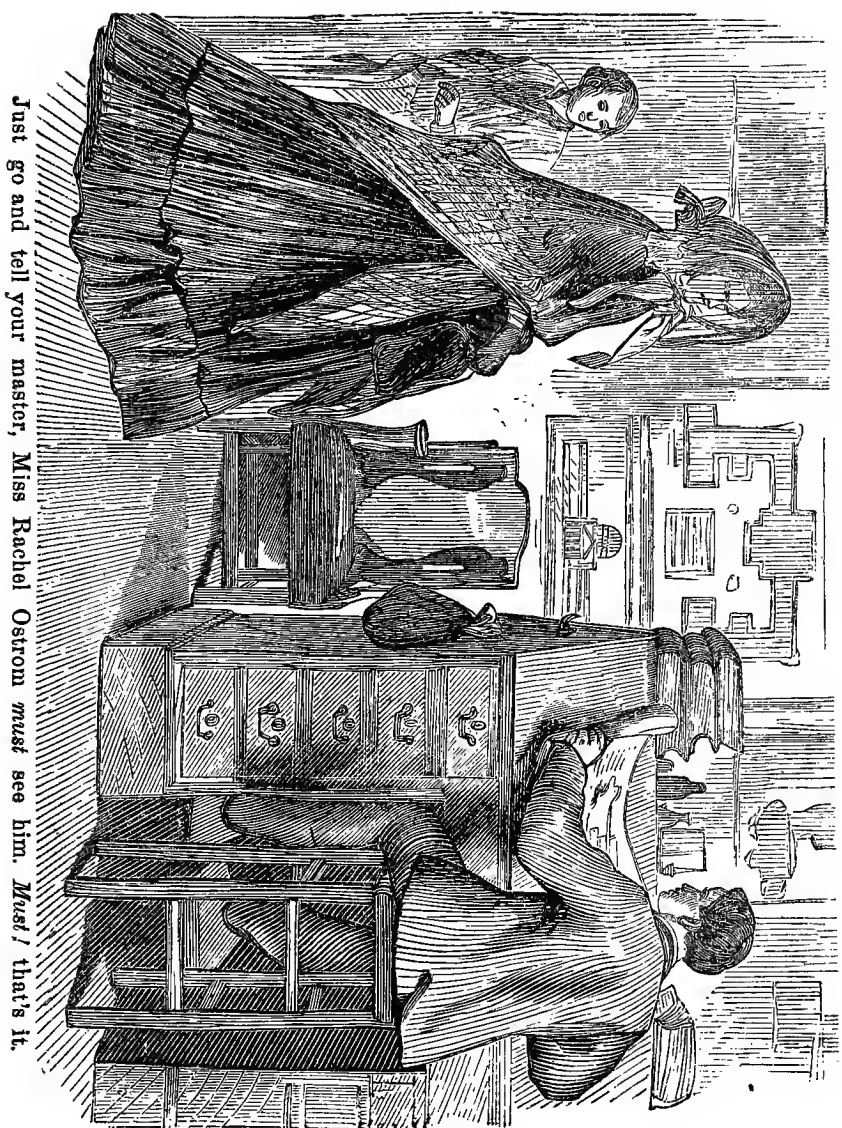
After the long period of time which has passed since you and I exchanged our last letters I have gone through many changes and vicissitudes. I am now a wealthy and may add an old man. I have grown stout and gray. So I was thinking about you, Lochy, and imagining how you looked. After this long interval I feel again the myserious love of early youth coming back. Who should I turn to Lochy dear but old affection? Are all the fountains of pleasant waters dried up? I did hope the past might turn up a bright new leave. I have dreamed of pleasures fled—long gone! I have stood in their midst until they seemed realities. And why should it not be so? We must hope or die. Nothing in anger, in malice, naught set down. Let us bury the past and forget it, and hope for a brighter and happier future. I am now rich, Lochy; will you marry me?"

Twenty six years had indeed altered ^{her} Lochy Ostrom the once loving happy girl for she promptly returned a cold but respectful refusal to this last offer of marriage.

Again years passed on, and one day Lochy, who was living then with Mrs. Hoffman in Cannon street was astounded one day to see James W. Gazely, now an old man and a distinguished lawyer walk into the room where she sat. She was now grey with age, her face was wrinkled and pinched and her step weak. Her once magnificent bust and figure shrunken and bent. She received Mr. Gazely very affectionately; but to all his earnest offers of marriage she firmly answered "no." Finding he could not prevail Mr. Gazely rose and with a mournful tone said:

"Lochy, ours have been strange, strange lives. You are old so am I. We have both made mistakes I think. But let that all go. You were right about that omen of the clouded star, and I believe the cloud will not be removed in this life. But I think it will in the next. Now Lochy I am going away now forever. I shall employ the rest of my life in good works. You do the same, and should you ever be so situated that I can be of benefit to you, write to me in Cincinnati. And now give me one farewell kiss Lochy, and in the words I once repeated to you when a young man, good bye, sweet heart good bye."

The kiss was given, the courtship of a lifetime was ended, James W. Gazely went away, and his once beautiful, light-hearted affianced retired to her room to gaze at the withered flowers and the shrivelled wedding cake with its sugar cupid she had in the long ago ornamented for her intended nuptials.



Just go and tell your master, Miss Rachel Ostrom *must* see him. *Must!* that's it.

"*Forever! Forever! yes, forever!*" murmured the old woman, whom people called the "Maiden Miser" as she shut down the lid of the metal box that contained these sacred treasures of her girlhood's heart.

Since that day neither Lochy nor any one else in Poughkeepsie ever heard tale nor tiding of James W. Gazely. It has been supposed that after his return to Cincinnati he sold off his property and went away a long distance into the back country out of the way of all travel or worldly excitement and passed the remainder of his life in thinking over the past. He was quite as eccentric in his way as Lochy, was as the following anecdote will prove. Being once engaged in arguing a case in Court he could not succeed in convincing the three judges he was addressing, of the correctness of his cause though he himself knew it was right. Finally, and just as he had concluded he remarked:

"May it please Your Honors, this Court reminds me of a Tara Tara team."

"Pray, Sir, what kind of a team is that?" inquired the presiding judge.

"Well, Your Honors," replied Gazely, with the most intense gravity, "it is a team very much used in South America."

"Did you ever see it, Mr. Gazely?" asked another judge.

"Indeed I have often seen it, Your Honor."

"What was it, Mr. Gazely?" queried the third judge.

Gazely having meanwhile sat down, now rose, and drawing on his gloves in a quiet way, glanced around the Court room and then turning full upon the Judges replied:

"Well, Your Honors, that Tarra, Tarra team is composed of two mules and a jackass—the middle position always being assigned to the jackass."

Instantly there was a great hub-bub in Court and Gazely was promptly committed for gross contempt of Court. The moment it became known throughout the city there was the most intense public excitement, a very large number of the people taking sides with the bold lawyer. He refused to apologize and also refused to pay the fine and was thrown into prison. This increased the storm, and just at this time an election for Congress being about to take place, some one nominated Mr. Gazely for the Cincinnati district. General Harrison then at the height of his popularity, was running in the same district. Yet notwithstanding that Mr. Gazely triumphantly carried the district by a large majority. And in those days running for Congress was a far different matter from what it is now. Beside intellect and influence a man had to have a high moral standing in the community before he could aspire to representative honors.

If Lochy Ostrom had been eccentric before, she became tenfold more so after this final parting with the man she once fondly believed would become her husband. For several months subsequent she would shut herself up in her bedroom for three and four days together, scarcely eating anything and sitting constantly near the window gazing up into the sky. Then she would start out with a basket on her arm, visiting everybody she knew and gathering herbs and useful flowers.

Whoever had a fine garden was sure to receive repeated calls from the little old woman. And she was so kind and pleasant in her manner and so full of interesting anecdotes of the olden times that she was ever welcome to those whom she visited. From the magazine of her memory she would bring forth many stories and reminiscences of the olden days when she was a "lass" as she used to say.

No person ever tired of Lochy. She was most demonstrative to young people and to this class and also very aged women she devoted her time and generosity. This word, generosity used in connection with the title of Maiden Miser, of course seems strange. But we use it advisedly. While Lochy Ostrom was cold and stony hearted to people of the world, who were possessed of merely selfish motives and inclinations, she was not only warm in disposition but generous and liberal to those whom she discovered to be worthy. And her long experience and perception enabled her to read a countenance almost as clearly as she could read the page of a book.

Of course since the old lady's death there has been much exaggeration about her, both against her and in her favor. From what can be learned from reliable persons, however, she did not hesitate to show her dislike toward any one whom she took umbrage at, and sometimes she would take this umbrage for very slight reasons.

As we have before said, also, Lochy used to select as objects for the display of her more generous moods young married people who were just struggling along in life. One particularly noble trait of her character was the unostentatious and kindly way in which she extended her pecuniary assistance to those she decided to help.

A gentleman of Poughkeepsie, who is now doing a prosperous business in New York City, in Grand street, told us:

"I owe all my success, Sir, to good old Lochy Ostrom. People say that she was a grasping, hard-hearted old miser. To some she might have been appeared to be so; but wherever she thought that anybody was worthy of a lift she would go in with will. I myself am an instance of it.

"When I was going to see my wife, Lochy used sometimes to be at my future father-in-law's house. They always treated her well; if she was tired, they would have her take off her things and lie down and rest herself; and if meals happened be on the table when Lochy made her

appearance, a chair was always put up for her and an extra plate brought out.

"Well, Annie and I got married at last, and I took her home. We got two rooms and got thirty dollars worth of furniture beside our bedstead and one or two other articles that mother-in-law gave us. For six years all went right, and then, as bad luck would have it, I got out of work and could get nothing to do. As you may suppose we were in quite a bad way, and I was beginning to feel myself despondent, when one afternoon who should come bolting into our room but old Lochy Ostrom.

"Dear, dear, I am awful hungry," said she, "what are you going to have good for supper?"

"Not much," replied I; "but what we have you're quite welcome to share with us, Aunt Lochy."

Annie hurried up the meal which was mush and molasses and a bit of cold meat we had had for dinner.

Lochy partook quite sparingly as though she did not want to eat too much from us, and all the time she was running on about old times and when she was a "lass," making things so genial that we forgot our poverty and felt quite merry. After supper she said:

"John and Annie before I tell you what I came to tell you, I wish you both to promise that you will never repeat it to any living soul; at least while I am alive."

We promised, never dreaming what was coming for we had always supposed Lochy to be very poor and friendless.

"Well," said she, "though I am not rich I have a little money that I keep laid by in order that when I see a worthy honest young married couple trying to get along and having a rough time to do so, I can help them a little. I think it is so delightful for young married folks to get along nicely and cheerily together.

"There's a little store for sale up on Montgomery street, which can be bought out for eight hundred dollars. Now I have brought you the money and you can go up in the morning and buy it. That will employ Annie here, and so you can get along till you get work. I've no doubt you will do very well, for you are steady and industrious. You must give me a bond though for the money and you must pay me five per cent interest. In that way I keep the little money I have from decreasing, and so when I get it back from you I can help some other young folks."

Annie and I both embraced Aunt Lochy, and thanked her a thousand times over for her unexpected kindness. She produced the money and the bond. I filled up and signed the latter. The next day I went and purchased the store, and my wife and I began life in real earnest, for now

we had an object to labor for. Within two years we had paid Lochy back her money with the interest in full. I recollect I could not make it exactly, and so handed her an even dollar which was about eight cents too much. I told her it was as near as I could get it. But she refused to take it and bringing out her old purse gave me the eight cents, with the remark:

"William, always be strict in business. I am: If I had neglected this cardinal principle I would not have been able to befriend you. Now, sometime, no doubt you will be in a position to give some fellow being a lift, and if you ever are never hesitate to do so. Do it for my sake."

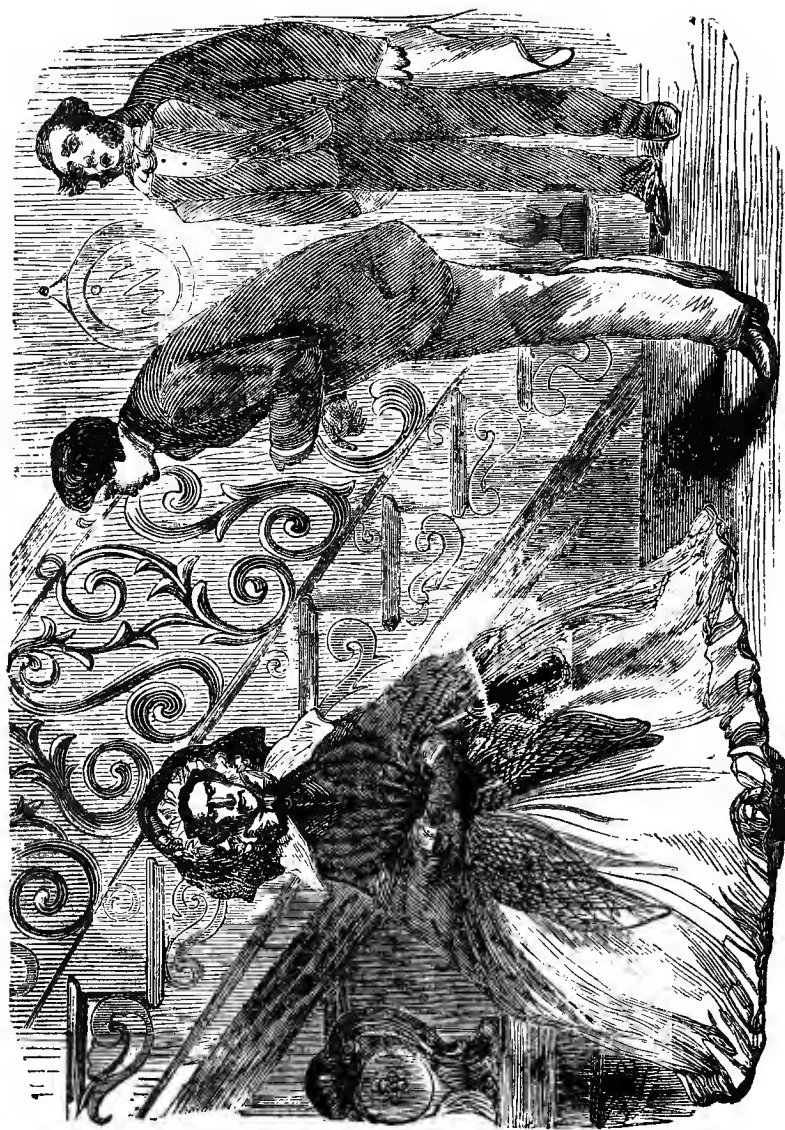
LOCHY'S DEATH.

For sometime previous to her death the eccentric, but kind hearted old lady had been complaining heavily of her ailments. She felt that she could not in the course of nature live much longer. But strangely enough she did not make any preparations for either the disposal of her property, nor for the care of her body after death. The people in the house where she had rooms kindly proposed to her that some of them should stay with her at least through the nights. But she refused this saying she would have no trouble dying when her time came.

During the night of her decease she was heard to get up once or twice and move the rocking chair about, and cough violently at times. Then all became quiet. The next day when they did not hear her get up they went to her bed-room and found her dead. She must have been sitting in her old rocking chair by the table reading an old testament, and feeling the pangs of death approach, managed to get herself in the chair close by the bed into which she had then clambered and died. It was indeed a sad sight. The old book laid on the table by the lamp which had burned out. Midway between the table and bed on the floor were her spectacles, where she had let them fall. The thin pinched features were calm, the eyes directed upward and the jaw fallen considerably. Most touching of all, however, the forearms were extended and the hands clasped together like those of a person in the act of prayer. Poor old Lochy Ostrom! For seventy years she had plodded through the cold world utterly alone, and though she had so often befriended the friendless, yet, as she had lived, so she died—alone. Alone! how sad! no kind hand to adjust the pillow, to give drink to the parched old lips, to gather and smooth back the scanty white hair. No voice to whisper in her ear of the Great City beyond the rolling flood. Yet how sweet and beautiful the reflection that the stilled heart had kept alive true pure love for one man throughout that long, long lifetime. So died poor old Lochy Ostrom a true, pure, loving woman

With fallen jaw, set eyes and hands clasped in prayer, poor old Lochy, once so lovely, had died all alone!





How Locby, in behalf of a poor girl, brought a rich scamp to terms.

